

The Stills

"Little Electric Chair"

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You didn't mean to do it
but you did it again
The night started out
Fuckin around with your friends
Somebody screamed and things went bad
Now you're standing accused
And the prosecutor says you should be dead

And they're fryin' up your hair
In that little electric chair
They'll be fryin' up your hair
in that little electric chair
Fryin' up your hair
In that little electric chair

Electric chair
Electric chair
Electric chair

Easy street is nice in a lawless nation
The police put some flyers in circulation
Stuck one in my door with a scary mugshot
They're looking for some bad boys
Height, weight, age, race, tattoos too

And they're fryin' up your hair
in that little electric chair
They'll be fryin' up your hair
in that little electric chair
fryin' up your hair
in that little electric chair
They'll be fryin' up your hair
in the little electric chair

Electric chair
Electric chair
Electric chair

The people are quietly hustling for blood
they wanna live in peace
but they don't wanna budge

from their lazy ways and lazy nations
let em eat pigeon
and live in prison

And they'll be fryin' up your hair
in that little electric chair
they'll be fryin' up your hair
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